

The TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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MARCH 25, 1912

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Swordfish Hero's Mother Receives Her Son's V.C.

Wearing the shamrock of St. Patrick, Mrs. Esmonde was accompanied by two of her sons, Pilot Officer Owen Esmonde and Captain Patrick Esmonde, when she went to Buckingham Palace to receive the V.C. awarded to her son, Lieutenant Commander Eugene Esmonde, D.S.O., who "cool and resolute, serenely challenging hopeless odds" flew, undismayed, over the target to meet his death in the inferno of fire raised by the German warships *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Prinz Eugen* as they entered the Straits of Dover on the morning of February 12. The day before his death, Lieutenant Commander Esmonde received from the King the D.S.O. for the "skill, daring and gallantry" with which he led his squadron from the carrier *Victorious* to attack the *Bismarck*. An Irishman from Drominagh, Tipperary, Esmonde is the second V.C. in his family. His great-uncle, Captain T. Esmonde, of the 18th Royal Irish, was the third officer on whom Britain's highest honour for gallantry was bestowed by Queen Victoria



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Spring Offensive

ONE of Britain's ablest career diplomats, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, has reached Russia from Chungking to be Britain's new Ambassador to the Soviet Union. He arrives at a time when the relations between Britain and Russia are closer than they have ever been in the last twenty-five years. It is M. Stalin's belief that they should be even closer, and therefore he has put certain proposals before the British Government which the War Cabinet have been carefully considering. The result of their deliberations is a memorandum which Mr. John G. Winant has taken to Washington for President Roosevelt's perusal. Russia has put up a remarkable fight, and having borne the brunt of the fighting for the last nine months we are told she wishes to be assured of Britain's future goodwill.

Much depends on President Roosevelt's reactions to the British memorandum. United States policy is set by the rigid principles of Mr. Cordell Hull, who detests anything which appears to lack consistency. Great Britain is in different relations with Russia than the United States. She can recognise Russia's claims, because when Hitler is defeated, Russia will have done as much to bring it about as anybody. So Sir Archibald Clark Kerr will have a busy time ahead of him in trying to lay sure foundations of Anglo-Soviet co-operation.

Summer Struggle

STALIN's armies have taken heavy toll of Hitler's forces, but quite clearly we shall not see the real struggle until the summer comes. This will be a struggle to the death, and it may well be decisive. Hitler's promised spring offensive will come some time next month, but Stalin will be ready for it. Indeed, he is quite confident about the outcome.

In contrast to Stalin's silence, Hitler's latest speech sounded a mournful performance. He first blamed the Russian winter for his failure to reach Moscow, and then admitted that Stalin's generalship in producing fresh reserves

at all times had been the real reason for the German failure. But Hitler's mournful tone must not mislead us. The German Army may have taken big blows, yet it is still a formidable force that Hitler can form from the factory to the battlefield. Hitler is fighting for his life, fighting more fiercely than he ever anticipated he would have to do. This makes him all the more dangerous, and we must be ready for some surprises. So must Hitler be ready for surprises.

More and more we shall hear the cry in this country for British action on the Continent, for a greater offensive spirit, a more do-or-die policy. The country as a whole is tired of the negative-mindedness of some of the men on top. There is only one way to uplift morale and strengthen our national purpose, and that is by our getting nearer to the war. Hitler is an adept at psychology, and there appears to be some sense in the suggestion that he has purposely refrained from bombing this country. Soon after the big blitz which roused the courage of this country, I was told that Hitler had actually been against the bombing of London and our big cities. He argued with Goering, and was proved right, that bombing would put Britain on her mettle.

Invasion Prospects

TO win the war for Nazism Hitler must smash Britain and her influence. This is truer now than ever before. Even if he were to prostrate Russia, which seems the most unlikely thing now, he would still have to defeat Britain. So this summer will see the unfolding of Hitler's further plans. Will he make a diversion past Turkey to the Suez Canal, or will he come west in a vain effort to invade these islands? I would not be among those who lightly discarded this possibility.

In a desperate mood, Hitler may do anything when his chances of success are growing dimmer and dimmer. It may be one of the reasons for his failure to bomb us in a big way that he has plans for an invasion blitz.

Therefore it is encouraging to know that there are men in the Government and the Services who are constantly devoting their attention to the invasion prospects. They are healthily convinced that Hitler will try an invasion this year. If he does not make the attempt this year there's not much chance for him next year.

Cripps's Mission

THERE'S been a lot of silly talk about the underlying purpose of Sir Stafford Cripps's mission to India. Even intelligent people have been saying that the Prime Minister wanted Sir Stafford out of the way so he asked him to go to India. Another equally silly story is that the British Government sent Sir Stafford to see Indian politicians in the hope that he could stave off some of their more extreme demands. There's no truth whatever in either of these stories.

Sir Stafford volunteered to go to India because he felt that he could do some good; and the British Government realise only too well the menacing nature of the political situation there to resort to trifling with the Indian people. Sir Stafford and the rest of the War Cabinet are united in their desires and their resolve to find a solution of the problems which have arisen. By the time these notes appear Sir Stafford will have had his first contacts with Indian political leaders. On leaving this country he estimated that he would be away for at least a month, and probably six weeks.

New Appointment

THE appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton as Commander-in-Chief Ceylon, indicates the new dangers of the Japanese drive. Sir Geoffrey will have full powers to control the naval, military and air strategy in that area, and also he will have overriding authority to deal with the civil administration in the island.

Having gone this far, it is an obvious assumption that the British Government are watching developments in Madagascar. The United States Government has sought assurances from Vichy that there will be no change at Madagascar. But General Andit, the Vichy Commander there, is reported to have asked Vichy for reinforcements of white troops. Apparently General Andit fears that Japan is preparing an expedition to seize bases on the island. If this is going to happen, let us hope that it won't be necessary for it to be said again of Britain and the United States that they acted "too late."

At a Red Cross Film Show

Lord Nuffield, Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lord Southwood were at a Red Cross and St. John Ambulance meeting, when a film was shown of the activities of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Department. Lord Southwood is chairman of the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund



A Handshake in Washington

Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, British representative on the Combined Chiefs of Staff group in Washington, M. Maxime Litvinoff, Russian Ambassador to the U.S.A., and Major-General Shih-Ming Chu were cheerful guests at an Overseas Press Club dinner in New York. Sir John Dill relinquished his post as Chief of the Imperial General Staff before leaving for Washington a short time ago





A Hero's Widow and Daughter

Mrs. Marshall-A'Deane, widow of Commander Marshall-A'Deane, of H.M.S. Greyhound, received from the King her husband's three awards. Her daughter, Jennifer, went with her. Commander Marshall-A'Deane won the D.S.O. at Dunkirk, the D.S.C. for gallantry off Crete, and the Albert Medal at the sinking of the Greyhound when he lost his life.



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Regional Commissioner for the Midlands

The Earl of Dudley has no easy job as Regional Commissioner of Civil Defence for the Midland Region, which includes Birmingham, Coventry and the Black Country. It is the second largest region in the country, with a population of four million people. Lord Dudley served in the army in the last war, and won the M.C. and the Legion of Honour.



A Salute for Mrs. Biddle

Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle, wife of the U.S.A. Ambassador to the Allied Governments, opened a rest centre in Surrey for mothers and children suffering from war strain. The money for the home was given by the British War Relief Society and the Grand Street Boy's Association of America. One of the twins in the picture has already learnt to salute.

Madagascar is of great strategic importance, and would be a menace to Ceylon if it fell in Japanese hands. There is no reason to feel reassured by the assurances of the Vichy Government. It is argued by some that Vichy opened the way for the Japanese advance in the Pacific when they succumbed to their demands in Indo-China.

The Fighting French

THERE is much discussion about the future of General de Gaulle. He came to London to work with the British Government to save France from those who brought about her collapse. He is a great soldier, and as such is more concerned with the overthrow of the enemy than with politics. The British Government have not given General de Gaulle all the support he had the right to expect when he came here. There are those who persist in trying to play with Vichy when the fact is that only General de Gaulle can restore France.

The men of Vichy are Hitler's prisoners. They cannot want the Allies to win for they know that they will become the real traitors to France and will have to face a firing squad. The sooner the United States Government make up their minds about Vichy and the status of General de Gaulle the better it will be for all concerned.

The British Government have helped to make General de Gaulle's name a household word in France. There's no object in going back on all that now. Nor is there any object in allowing politically ambitious Frenchmen in London to stir up trouble in the Free French Movement in the hope that they will get power in the future. France must play a vital part in the reconstruction of Europe, and General de Gaulle has emerged as the leader for this purpose. He should be given all the necessary support by Britain's War Cabinet, and the State Department in Washington.

Increased Power

MR. OLIVER LYTTLTON, after recovering from an attack of influenza, has started his new duties in charge of war production. For this purpose he seems to have been given more power than was accorded to Lord Beaverbrook in the short time that he had responsibility for production. Mr. Lyttelton will sit in the War Cabinet in similar relationship to the production departments as Mr.



Brains Trust Recreation

Dr. Joad, the B.B.C. Brains Trust star, believes in keeping his muscles fit as well. One of his favourite exercises is hockey, which he has played regularly for twenty-five years. Here he is enjoying a game on Hampstead Heath, where he played centre-forward.

Churchill is to the defence departments as Minister for Defence. Mr. Lyttelton will control all our resources of raw materials through all their stages to the finished product; and he will have an important say in the use of labour. There's no doubt that no better person could have been selected for this task than Mr. Lyttelton. He's farsighted and he's vigorous.

It appears that Lord Beaverbrook will go to Washington after all to deal with supply problems there for the British Government. Before going to Washington it is suggested he may go to Cairo for a short stay. His asthma is troubling him again, and it is said that a dry climate would suit him.

Austerity Policy

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, has the most important responsibility for the fulfilment of the War Cabinet's

"austerity" policy. In the days before the war, even when he was a minister, Mr. Morrison was very fond of dancing. Every Friday night he used to put his dancing pumps under his arm and go to a hop. Some of those who wish to make this a "gloomy" war wanted Mr. Morrison to curtail dancing, cinema performances and theatres. He refused to do so. He recognises that there is a limit beyond which the public cannot be deprived of entertainment and relaxation.

Under his proposals greyhound racing is restricted to one day a week, and there'll be no more big boxing shows at the Albert Hall. Horse racing has been carefully curtailed by the Jockey Club stewards, and up to September there'll be forty-four meetings, which is not far short of the number held during the same period last year. But there will not be the same facilities for race-horses to be transported over long distances. Nor will racegoers be allowed petrol for travelling. The petrol cut will be felt most of all, for it will prevent people getting into the country even for a brief holiday. But the Government felt it was prudent to abolish the basic ration and save the rubber for tyres, as well as petrol. This will mean that many thousands of cars will be laid up, and licence revenue will be lost to the Treasury.

Racketeering

THE crusade against black marketing has its staunchest stalwart in Lord Woolton. In the early days of rationing he was appalled by the light sentences which magistrates imposed on the ringleaders of the various rackets. The punishment for these ringleaders was out of all proportion to the little men who committed some comparatively small offence. Lord Woolton was determined that this should be brought to an end.

The result is that these organisers of rackets will receive as much as fourteen years penal servitude, when they are caught. The difficulty is to catch them. But Lord Woolton and Mr. Herbert Morrison have devised a new form of flying squad. These are men who gained experience in searching out and prosecuting bogus company promoters. They are experts in examining accounts and tracing transactions. As the Board of Trade has a list of many of the worst black market men, it can be safely assumed that soon they will be tracked down.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

Hell and Hollywood

WHAT would you do, reader, if the Devil offered you seven years of riches and power in return for the eternal custody of your soul?

The first thing I should do would be to bargain for ten years on the principle laid down by Mrs. Erlynne in Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* that "margin is everything." Marlowe's Mephistophilis allowed Faustus twenty-four years of fun. About Goethe's allowance I don't remember, even if I ever knew. That I shall ever know is improbable. As a boy I was forced to read *Wilhelm Meister*, which masterpiece, far duller than anything my friend Charles Morgan has conceived at his most spiritual, closed Goethe to me for ever.

AND this brings us back to our question. What, reader, would you do with seven years of unlimited opportunity? It depends, of course, who you are.

Now Marlowe's Faustus was a German; it was therefore natural that his first wish should be for a Frau to keep house for him. But then, think of his second, third and fourth demands. These were for three books. The first a book of "spells and incantations" for the raising of spirits, the second a volume in which to read the "characters and planets of the heavens," the third a tome in which to see "all plants, herbs and trees that grow upon the earth." These three wishes seem to me to be singularly futile. Refraining from the easy joke, I confess that I am not anxious to raise any spirits except my own. I am no star-gazer. I have already learned all that I want to

know, and perhaps more, about vegetation. from Mr. Middleton.

AMONG the mentionable things I should proceed to do would be the following:

1. Flout my friend Keith Douglas and, double-crossing Sir Henry Wood and the public-spirited B.B.C., engage the Philharmonic Orchestra and hire the Albert Hall for seven years for the sole purpose of vetoing, prohibiting and tabooing any performance of the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto, the Rachmaninoff Second Piano Concerto, Wotan's Farewell, Elizabeth's Greeting, Bizet's Symphony, any Hungarian Rhapsody, and all British music since Elgar except Walton's *Façade*.

2. Fly to Hollywood for the purpose of seeing whether that Mecca of the manicurist and the mannequin is as hopelessly vulgar, silly and sub-normal as I take it to be.

3. In the absence of a third wish I should take the Albert Hall, posthumously, for a further three years.

THE foregoing is intended as a preamble to the announcement that in *All That Money Can Buy* (Regal) Hollywood has boldly ventured into something which is neither vulgar nor silly. It has tackled the Faust legend and, for once in a way, it has tackled a serious subject intelligently.

One of the rules of criticism—which, by the way, too few critics know—is that in writing about the abstruse and obscure you must take care that your writing is straightforward and

simple. Whereas when your subject is plain and clear Meredith cannot be too subtle or Henry James too involved.

I reel when I think of what Mr. Orson Welles would have done with the Faust legend. The world still debates whether the contraption called Rosebud in *Citizen Kane* was actual or symbolic. And I can quite imagine Mr. Welles trying to persuade me that while the soul is material the body is metaphysical.

William Dieterle, the director of this film, falls into no such error. Realising that he must sell fantasy to the audiences of Minneapolis and Runcorn, Pittsburg and Huddersfield, he takes care that that fantasy shall be rather plainer than a pikestaff.

JABEZ STONE (James Craig) is a young New Hampshire farmer living a hundred years ago. He is hard up and must sell next year's seed to pay off the mortgage on the farm. And, of course, to sell seed is to a farmer as abhorrent as it would be for a writer to part with his ideas. It and they are the germ of the future.

And then the Devil appears. He looks like an old tramp, but we know it is the Devil because he appears in a blue haze—blessedly this picture is *not* in Technicolor—and because when he wants to light his cigar he summons lightning from the atmosphere. It should be said at this point that this Devil is a cheery, comic, mediaeval fellow, thus keeping us unpretentiously in touch with what other times have thought about the Prince of Darkness.

Even Goethe—since books which one has resolutely closed have a habit of opening of themselves—had the sense to make Mephistophilis witty, amusing and even something of a buffoon. Mr. Walter Huston's Devil is a really brilliant performance. This clever actor makes the fellow at once likeable and loathsome—a droll combination of pure logic and stark unreason, the sort of character that might have evolved if Barrie and Sheridan le Fanu had put their heads together.

Since he is a farmer the young man's notions of power are purely bucolic. He must have the biggest farm and the biggest house. And the Devil takes care that in the new housemaid (Simone Simon) he shall have a mistress as alluring as Helen of Troy would have been had she known about Parisian *chic*.

I think perhaps that the house is a mistake. The outside looks just the sort of thing a New Hampshire farmer would have thought fine a hundred years ago. It is just an outside shack. The inside, alas, is Hollywood at its most stupefying. Hang it, there were not so many chandeliers in all New York.

OVER against this Devil is set the great figure of Daniel Webster, the famous lawyer-politician, whose job it is to wrestle for the soul of Jabez. That fine actor Edward Arnold puts his back, his eyebrows and all the resources of his art into the tremendously unequal struggle. He contests the validity of the bond, demands that the case be tried by a jury. The Devil agrees, and produces from the nether regions a collection of traitors, renegades and murderers famous in American history. For a long time it is Pull Devil—Pull Webster. But the jury has its sentimental side. Its members admit that they too would have welcomed a second chance. And, of course, Jabez is returned to wife and kiddie and the free American air.

This is not quite the end, the clever director keeping sentiment in its place and preferring to wind up in the key of comedy. The final shot shows the Tramp crossing Jabez off his books as a loss, and turning up his private directory for the names of the next candidate for damnation. And the searching figure points, dear reader, at YOU.



The Devil and Jabez Stone
(Walter Huston and James Craig)



Daniel Webster, Mrs. Jabez and Jabez (Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley and James Craig)

Directed by William Dieterle of "Zola" and "Pasteur" fame, "All That Money Can Buy" is the story of a Yankee Faust who sold his soul for seven years of prosperity and finally won it back again with the help of an eloquent senator from Massachusetts. The devil (Walter Huston) is conceived as a shrewd trader, "Mr. Scratch." He is a wily adversary. But the eloquence of Daniel Webster (Edward Arnold) is more than a match for him. In a flood of oratory, Webster convinces a ghostly jury that the soul of Jabez Stone is his own.



Alice Faye, Cesar Romero and Carmen Miranda in "Weekend in Havana"



Jay Williams (John Payne), the bridegroom, who fails to keep his wedding date, and Nan (Alice Faye), the girl who causes the trouble

The Return of Bergner And a New Carmen Miranda Musical

Weekend In Havana (New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion, March 29), directed by Walter Lang, is a gay musical with plenty of sunshine and singing, gambling and dancing. Mack Gordon and Harry Warren have written some good numbers for Carmen Miranda (a cabaret artist in the picture). Among them are "The Man With the Lollipop Song" and "When I Love I Love." Alice Faye charms the boys while John Payne and Cesar Romero play male leads



Wealthy French girl, Marianne (Elizabeth Bergner), and her politician lover, Andre Benoit (Basil Rathbone)

Nick Jordan (Randolph Scott), American pilot, gets a taste of Nazi Methods



Marianne is questioned by the Gestapo at the Cabaret La Coquin



Paris Calling (Odeon), directed by Edwin L. Marin, is the story of the heroic struggle the underground movement in France wages against the Nazi enemy. In it Elizabeth Bergner returns to the screen after a considerable absence. Basil Rathbone as Andre Benoit, the politician turned traitor, speaks for Vichy France and is finally murdered by his ex-sweetheart, patriot Marianne (Elizabeth Bergner). Randolph Scott plays Nick, wounded American pilot, flying with the R.A.F., whose life is saved by Marianne. Finally, the patriots are rescued by the British who, having been advised of the situation, raid the harbour town where they are in hiding from the Gestapo

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Dancing Years (Adelphi)

FEW, if any, of what may be called the classic actor-managers had the gift of creating their own raw material. They may have done memorable things with it, but the material came from without. Shakespeare and Molière, it is true, wrote the plays for the companies in which they acted; but they functioned under royal patronage and were not free lances.

Mr. Ivor Novello, whose return to London with his sparkling entourage now brightens the theatre scene, has this comprehensive versatility. He devises, writes and composes the large-scale musical plays in which he appears; and this is perhaps the most successful example of them.

The muses who inspire him as author and composer descend less directly from Parnassus,



Cacilie Kurt, the retired diva, who coaches the reigning star in voice production (Olive Gilbert)

perhaps, than from the terrestrial green room; but their gifts to him are generous. They include a keen sense of the theatre, a musical ear, considerable astuteness and, one supposes, a passion for the footlights.

Seeing those gifts in action, one cannot doubt that, in pleasing the many, he also pleases himself. The dialogue he writes may not often be heard beyond the confines of the stage or outside those realms on which the limelight never sets. His melodies may not rival Mozart's, but they can be memorised at a first hearing without palling at a second.

THE wonder is not that such entertainments, which do not defy but fulfil tradition, should be ephemeral, but that this particular example should wear so well. Its initial run at Drury Lane, you may remember, was interrupted by the outbreak of the war. Since then it has toured the country continuously, but shows few traces of staleness or fatigue.

The re-opening performance, indeed, had something of the old éclat. There were familiar celebrities in the stalls and gossip writers to classify them. There were welcoming

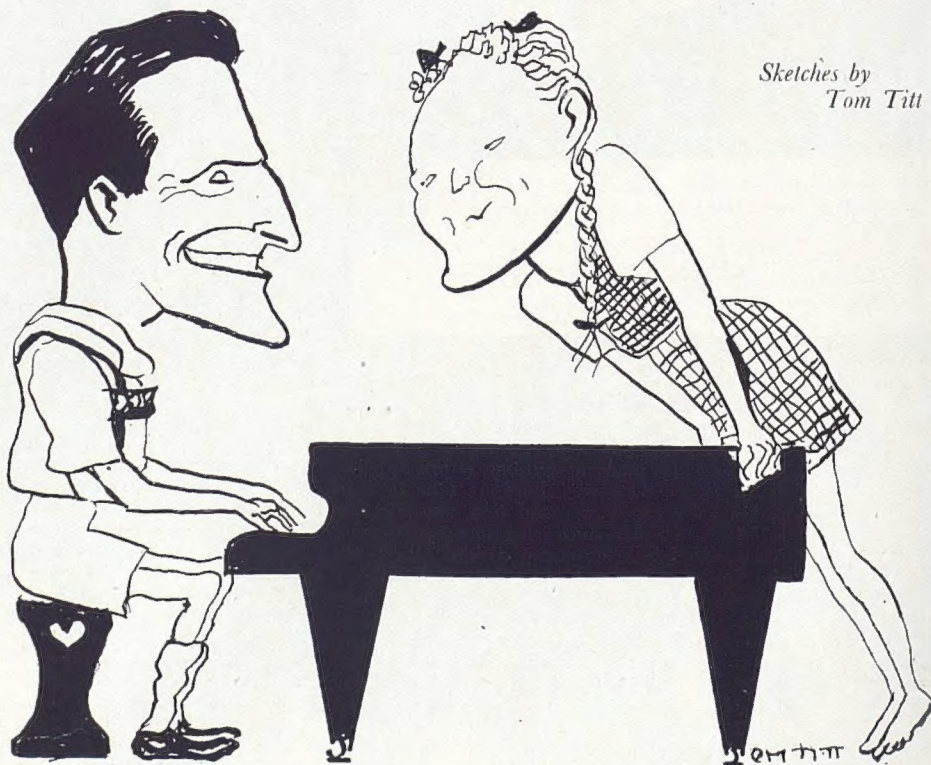
thunders from the gods, and discreeter compliments from the groundlings. Mr. Novello's public is enthusiastic and faithful.

Popularity on this scale is evidently a strong preserver of youthfulness; and the Tyrolean hero of this warm-hearted operetta, for whose entrance the first scene is cunningly prepared, had all the outward and visible signs of high-spirited youth which the text demanded of him. True, we were to see how time—the play opens in 1911—and fortune's ups and downs could moderate those transports and steady that vivacity. But that was in the service of the plot.

MR. NOVELLO, I thought, had mellowed in style, if not in appearance. The eight hundred performances he has given since we first saw the play at Drury Lane have increased his workmanlike assurance, and sharpened his comedic attack without hardening his heart. There are still tears for those who like shedding them, and laughter for those who don't; and none of the cues for either are likely to be missed through over-impulsive timing.

The story opens well, and is most engaging, I think, before the course of true love gets seriously ruffled. A misogynist might wish to short-circuit some of the plot's more intricate meanderings, and ration some of its sentiment. But there, Mr. Novello doubtless knows best.

The pastoral scenes have a Tyrolean sparkle, and the unknown young composer's rise to fame, via the upper ranks of Bohemia, gives full scope to that mixture of apparent ingenuousness and obvious skill which are among Mr. Novello's professional assets. His performance, in short, will traduce no memories.



The Tyrolean hero, Rudi Kleber, and the dancing girl Grete (Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont)



Maria Ziegler, the leading lady with the lovely voice (Muriel Barron)

His company serve him well. In Miss Muriel Barron he has a new leading lady who is both a good singer and actress; in Miss Roma Beaumont his original heroine, whose success on that far-off first night at Drury Lane the rigours of provincial campaigning have not impugned. She danced prettily then; she dances prettily now.

The comedy still has the benefit of Miss Olive Gilbert's mellow experience and admirable voice. As the retired diva who coaches the reigning star, her deportment at the pianoforte is a triumphant parody of life. And when she resumes her rings, the lesson over, each twinkle of those property diamonds is a cue for laughter that only an anchorite would miss.

The spirit of the show might be described as Edwardian baroque. It is sumptuously decorated and dressed, and thoroughly produced. It has already been seen, we are told, by well over a million people, and will doubtless be seen by many more; for it reflects the versatile personality of its author-composer-director-star with what one feels is a mirror-like fidelity.

*Sketches by
Tom Titt*



Schubert in "Blossom Time"

Richard Tauber Sings Again in London, and
Diana Napier Drives for the Polish Forces

Ten years ago last May Richard Tauber took London by storm in *Land of Smiles*. Last week he made a welcome return to the West End as Schubert in *Blossom Time* at the Lyric Theatre. Born at Linz in Austria, the world-famous tenor started his career as a conductor, and first appeared on the stage at the Dresden State Opera in 1912. He has since sung in opera in most of the European capitals, and in New York, and has held recitals at the Albert and Queen's Halls in London, and all over the United Kingdom. In 1940 he became a British subject, and has since devoted a great deal of his time and energy to helping the various war charities. *Blossom Time* was the title of one of his best-known films, and has never before been shown on the professional stage. Mrs. Richard Tauber, well known on the films and stage as Diana Napier, is serving with the F.A.N.Y., and is officer-in-charge of the Women's Transport Service attached to the Polish Forces in Scotland. In January she organised a very successful concert in Glasgow, in aid of Poles in Russia and in exile, at which her husband and Evelyn Laye were both performers. On Friday (March 27th) Richard Tauber is to sing at a Gala Concert at the Dorchester, in aid of the Austrian Youth Association, when other artists will be Lea Seidl, Clare Born and Moiseiwitsch. The Archduke Robert of Austria and Sir George Franckenstein, the former Austrian Ambassador, are to be present. Tickets for the concert can be had from Austria House, 9, Eaton Place, S.W.



In Uniform: Mrs. Richard Tauber

Lenore

At Cheltenham

The First Day's Racing at the National Hunt Meeting

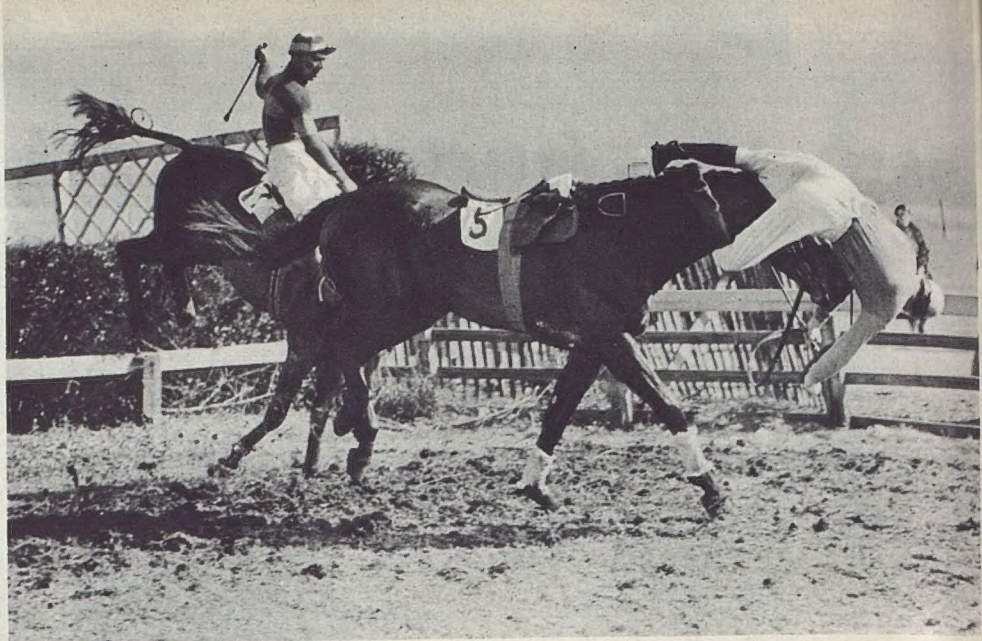


Two very popular jockey brothers who came in uniform to the races were Billy and Fred Rickaby. They belong to a well-known riding family; both Fred and his father rode for Lord Derby



Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke discussed the racing with Group Capt. R. Sugden. Lord Willoughby de Broke is himself a Group Capt. in the Auxiliary Air Force

Lord and Lady Fortescue were at the first day of the Cheltenham meeting. He is a Lord-in-Waiting to the King



The Broadway Steeplechase

Giovanni and his jockey, A. Jack, parted company at a fence near the stand. There were many falls in this race, another victim at the same fence being M. Jones on Dark John

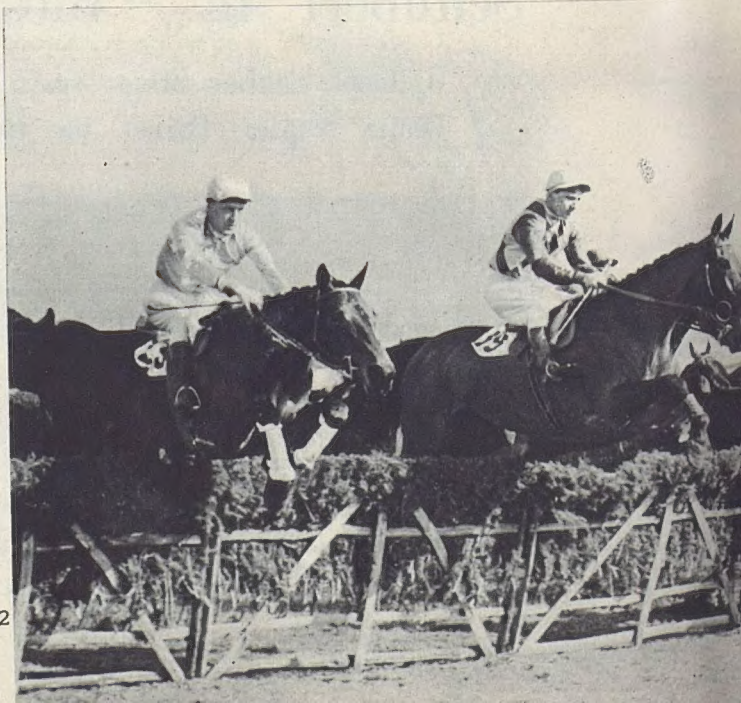


The National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase

Entrants for the race lined up in good order while the starter, Mr. L. Firth, called the roll

The Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup

The most important event of the afternoon, R. Smyth. Below, at the second day of the meeting





Lady Sybil Phipps, whose horse, Red Rower, won the Cheltenham Grand Annual Steeplechase by a neck, was with her daughter



Lord Sefton and his wife, the former Mrs. Erskine Gwynne, were with Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke. The Seftons were married in December



Lady Dorothea Head and Lady Sibell Rowley enjoyed a walk in the spring sunshine in the paddock



On the second lap Belisha leads the field, followed by Symacthis, Much Too Dear and Black Hawk



The winner, Mr. H. W. Smith's The Hack, M. Jones up, jumps the last fence just ahead of Mr. Gillson's Post Horn, who came in second

noon was won by Forestation, owned and trained by V. Smyth, ridden by his cond... Poetic Licence leads the winner (25), Easy Chair (24) and Fir Cone (19)

The last hurdle: Anarchist is over first, but is closely followed by Forestation, who caught and overtook him in the run in





The Procession of Debutantes is Part of the Century-old Ceremony at Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Family News

News that the Duchess of Kent will not be seen in public for the next few months came as a surprise to most people, though a few friends of the family had been expecting an official announcement.

It is some time now since the Duchess made a really public appearance, not counting her visits to war production factories, and the last time I saw her on one of these occasions I was struck by her excellent spirits and obvious good health. The very last official function she attended was the semi-private christening of her nephew, Prince William of Gloucester, who, by the way, is making very good progress indeed, and developing into a very strong boy, both as regards physique and will.

At her home at Iver, the house which was left by Princess Victoria to her favourite nephew, the Duchess has been living a more or less secluded life for some time, only coming to town occasionally for a function of special

interest, like the recent premiere of the Canadian Air Force film *Captains of the Clouds*.

Royal Art Lover

WHEN the Queen slipped in at the National Gallery a few days ago, to look at the Yeats Nicholson Exhibition, there were only a few art lovers in the galleries, and her Majesty went almost unrecognised.

The Queen arrived during the lunch hour. It was no mere perfunctory interest that took her to see the modern masters, for her Majesty is keenly interested in the art of to-day, and has been gradually acquiring the nucleus of a remarkably good collection.

Some of the paintings she has bought used to hang in the private Royal apartments at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. Others found a place on the walls of Royal Lodge, their Majesties' private house in Windsor Great Park. Now the new paintings, like the old

masters in the Royal collections, have been put away in places of safety for the duration.

Augustus John has been one of the Queen's mentors in art matters. It was he who chose four examples of the work of Matthew Smith to send for the Queen's selection.

Some of John's own work is in her Majesty's collection, as is the work of Sickert, Duncan Grant, Wilson Steer, O.M., and Sir Walter Russell. One or two women artists are represented, Ethel Walker and E. Beatrice Bland among them.

Sir Kenneth Clark, former Director of the National Gallery, has frequently guided the Queen in her choice. He has found in her a ready appreciation of what is worth while in art, and a quick willingness to hear of new ideas.

Red Cross Meeting

It is not often that we see the Duke of Gloucester in the West End in these days, and his appearance at the annual meeting of his own Red Cross and St. John War Organisation was therefore all the more welcome. For wartime, it was quite a social affair, with lots of well-knowns, both men and women, to hear the Duke announce the splendid total to date of £10,000,000.

The Duke was in uniform as a Lieutenant-General, and very smart he looked; a trifle thinner, I thought, than in pre-war days.

Gillian Wharton took part in the debutantes' procession which forms part of the cake-cutting ceremony. She is the daughter of Mrs. Eric Wharton, of Stockton Manor Farm, Codford St. Mary, Wiltshire. Her partner is Pilot Officer L. S. B. Scott

The Hon. Audrey Paget (a 1941 debutante) sat out with the Crown Prince Robert of Austria. She is Lord Queenborough's daughter and came with her sister Enid. Both are war workers. Audrey drives lorries for the M.T.C. in Hertfordshire; Enid is in the W.A.A.F.



Many of the women wore the uniform of the Red Cross or St. John. Lady Louis Mountbatten looked most attractive. Lady Limerick, another in uniform, was having a long talk to Mrs. Winston Churchill, who wore a long brown coat, with a bunch of vivid red flowers at her buttonhole. The Premier's wife sat in the place of honour, next to the Duke, as a fitting tribute to her own magnificent work in raising over a million and a half of the sum total with her "Aid for Russia" Fund.

The Earl and Countess of Lytton, she in uniform; Mr. Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner; Lord Wigram, who in between his duties as Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and Deputy-Constable of Windsor Castle, manages to find time to be the energetic chairman of the Sports Fund Committee; and Lord Nuffield, who has given £150,000, were others I saw at the meeting, though not all of them had time to stay for the film show and the luncheon that followed.

Queen Charlotte's Ball

THIS time there were eleven hundred people to dance to Oscar Rabin's band—not all of them were able to get in for dinner, but came afterwards to add to the gaiety of an outstandingly gay evening. They included the hundred and seventy-five just-out girls who took part in the cake-cutting ceremony, most of whom had managed to get white dresses. The ball is to help Service wives in the Hospital, besides being the only remaining outing for debutantes, whose Court debut, of course, no longer exists.

Among the most attractive of these new starters were the Misses Enid and Audrey Paget, aged eighteen and nineteen—the former flew back from America alone in the Clipper to join the W.A.A.F.; the latter is in the M.T.C. Their mother is American, and they have lovely long American figures. Two other special lovelies were Miss Tony Newland and Miss Elizabeth Wheatley, who came with Mr. Francis Wigram; Lady Camrose's daughter, Miss Diana Berry, was another, also Miss Pauline Leadam, Miss Hermione Gunston (Lady Doris Gunston's daughter), Miss Rosaleen Booth, Miss Bridget Cooke, Miss Rosemary Chetwynd-Stapylton, Miss Angela Willoughby—the list is endless.

More About It

MANY mothers were with their daughters—Lady Airlie, for instance, who is the mother of attractive Lady Griselda Ogilvie; Lady Davidson and Miss Jean Davidson, who is tiny, with lots of fair hair; Mrs. Vernon Tate and her daughter, and an aunt and niece, Lady Ravensdale and Miss Vivien Mosley, both wearing red. Lady Hamond Graeme, Ball President, had a large table of fifty-eight, including a charming brother and sister, Mr. Michael and Miss Belinda Dawson, and all sorts of important people—the Archduke Robert of Austria, Princess Xenia of Russia, Mr. Waterson, High Commissioner for South Africa, and Mrs. Waterson, Lord Lothian, and many of the attractive girls already mentioned, more of whom were Sir Hugh and Lady

Gurney's daughter, Miss Isobel Gurney, Miss Aileen Elwes, Miss Alethea Fitzalan-Howard, tall Miss Philippa Ford, Miss Jean Hamilton-Dalrymple, and so on and on.

The cake was cut by Lady Hamond Graeme, helped by Lady Airlie, Lady Galway, Lady Aberdare, Lady Legh (Sir Piers Legh's wife) and Mrs. Walter Duncan. This time the Army dark blue predominated over the other Services.

1943 Derby Tip

TOM WALLS and Enid Stamp-Taylor, appearing together in the new show at the Ambassadors, *Why Not To-Night*, were lunching at the May Fair. This is his first London appearance since *His Majesty's Guest* in 1939, in which they starred together in the now-bombed Shaftesbury Theatre.

He has a beautiful two-year-old, Wansford, April the Fifth's most promising son, whom he tips for the 1943 Derby. Wansford occupies the same loose-box that his father emerged from to win the great race.

Later on, at the May Fair, Clifford Stanton was doing his brilliant impersonations, including a new one, of Lord Beaverbrook making his famous speech. People about in the restaurant and hotel included Colonel Lord Grimthorpe, Sir Eugen Millington-Drake (who gave the party reported below), Sir Ralph Gore, Sir Sidney Clive, Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish, and Lady Milburne. Also Squadron Leader Cheshire, D.S.O., and D.F.C., with his wife. He is just finishing his first novel, to be called *Flare Path*.

Informal Party

A PLEASANT informal party was given by Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake. As he has been our Minister to Uruguay for seven years, it was natural that Latin-American songs and music should form the musical programme provided. Lady Effie, petite and pretty brunette, slung a Persian lamb coat round her shoulders and carried a barrel-shaped muff to match. Her two young daughters, Nellie and Marie, handed round the programmes. Mrs. Sturt (née Mills) was there, hatless as usual, and Mrs. Perowne, Lord Allendale's musical sister, who still practises her violin and, indeed, has weekly lessons from Adila Fachiri. She was kept busy introducing people, for her husband is head of the South American division at the F.O., and she knows so many. The new Argentine Ambassador, who looks like being a first-class favourite, was there and so was his Brazilian colleague, with his blonde wife. Another popular diplomat there was Mr. Anthony Drexel Biddle.

Settling Down

THE Rancee of Sarawak, the late Lord Escher's daughter, has settled down into a delightful new flat in Albion Gate, and got into it in—under ten days! Full of sunshine and filled with many mementos of the unfortunate land belonging to her husband, Sir Charles Brooke, who is known as the "White Rajah" (like his father before him), the Rancee is making

(Concluded on page 408)



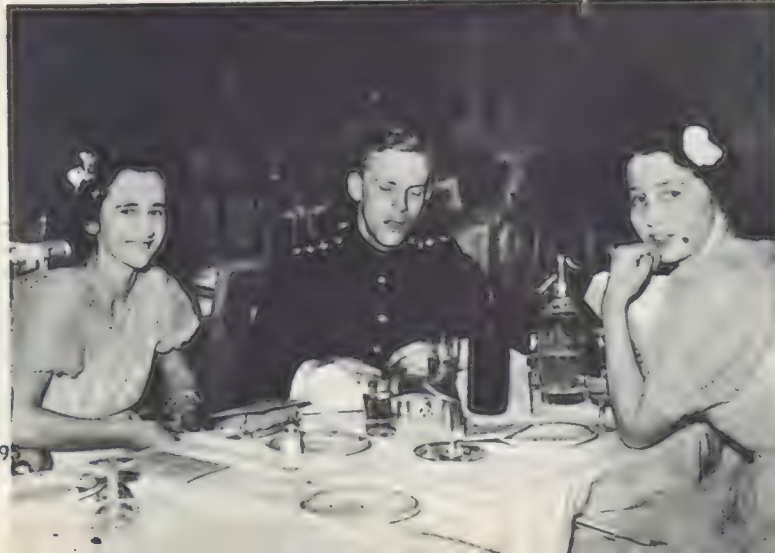
Nadia Moxon and June Whitaker are 1942 debutantes and took part in the procession of Maids of Honour, which is the brilliant climax of the evening. Nadia is the daughter of Mrs. Frank Moxon, and June the daughter of Major and Mrs. Whitaker, of Salisbury



Sitting on the supper-table with two of her partners, Lieuts. D. W. J. Colman and A. F. S. Coats, Sarah Beckwith-Smith had a good story to tell. She is the daughter of Major-General Merton Beckwith-Smith, D.S.O., of The Manor House, Bicester

Sitting together are Rosemary Thursby-Pelham and Lieut. Thursby-Pelham. Most of the young girls present changed the uniform they wore for the afternoon's rehearsal for dresses of coupon-free net, tulle or lace in the evening

Rosemary Laurie, Captain Carr and Anne Heyworth were three of a large party at one table. Rosemary Laurie is the daughter of Major-General Sir John and Lady Laurie, of Maxwellton, Dumfriesshire. Anne Heyworth is a granddaughter of the late Lord Tweedmouth





Lord and Lady Aberdare, nearest to the camera, brought two sons and a daughter to the ball. Sitting next to them are Mr. R. V. Lloyd and Mrs. Paul Bridgeman



The Hon. Rosalind Bruce, debutante daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdare, was with Lord Shuttleworth. His elder brother was killed in an air battle in 1940



Above are Lieut. H. K. Chapman and Lady Anne Spencer, Earl Spencer's only daughter

The Dancing Debs

Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House, in Aid of the Hospital



Miss Anne Chichester and Miss Joan Street had as partners Mr. Ronald Hedley-Dent and the Hon. Patrick Butler, Lord Dunboyne's only son and heir



Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate brought their daughter, Pamela, to the ball, and with them here is Lieut. Tony McComas, who is in the Irish Rifles

Photographs by Swaebe

Pilot Officer C. Holland, Miss Diana Portman, Lieut.-Com. T. E. Post and Miss Mary Mulholland occupied a table for four



The Duke of Rutland, Mrs. Cameron and Lord Howard of Penrith had an after-dinner conversation. The Duke of Rutland succeeded his father in 1940





The Hon. Morys Bruce, elder son and heir of Lord Aberdare, sat next to Miss June Osborne. He is a Lieutenant in the Welsh Guards



Miss June Abel Smith and the Aberdares' younger son, the Hon. Nigel Bruce, were two more at a long table for dinner



Miss Antonia Herbert and Miss Elizabeth Herbert are the daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Mervyn Herbert, and are cousins of the Earl of Carnarvon



Two eighteen-year-olds at the ball were Lord Burghersh, Lord Westmorland's elder son, and Lady Grizelda Ogilvy, youngest daughter of Lord Airlie

Miss Elizabeth Wheatley and Mr. Francis Wigram enjoyed a good joke together. About eleven hundred people attended the Ball at Grosvenor House

The Hon. David Bethell and Miss Philippa Ford were two more young people who enjoyed the evening's entertainment. Mr. Bethell is Lord Westbury's only brother



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CAUSING heap big gratified palaver and pow-wow in the lodges of the scarlet-jacketed paleface, a Red Indian brave of the Yellowknife tribe strode into a North-West Mounted Police station recently with a spontaneous gift from the tribe of £90 for the bombed children of London, which shows what little use it is giving the modern child Fenimore Cooper to read, unless you wish to look a notable ass.

It was not much use even forty years ago or so, when O. Henry was exhibiting authentic Red Indian braves with Fifth Avenue clothes, Harvard manner, and a library full of Schopenhauer and Plato. Not all red men are thus disconcerting, of course; a New York friend of ours knows one, fascinatingly called Big Chief Bacon-Rind, who is everything the nursery could desire, grunts, paint, blanket, feathers, and all. But we gather what remains of the tribes rarely go native now, even in the corn-dance season, that many of them are extremely wealthy owing to oil-wells on their lands, and that the famous Mohawk Nation, once the terror of the Mississippi and the Hudson, is likely ere long to supply the first American candidate for beatification and a squaw at that. Why Barrie never balanced his Old Etonian pirate artistically by making one of the Red Indians in *Peter Pan* a Yale M.A. or a Notre-Dame Rugby half-back we can't imagine.

It's a quaint commentary on Progress—correct us if wrong—that the only people who habitually think in terms of scalping and tomahawks nowadays are the mild braves of Fleet Street, the leader-writer and Lobby boys, Chief Wool-in-the-Head and Chief Johnny Big Flannel Bombshell.

Dome

WHAT those New York brain specialists hope to discover by dissecting the brain of the great Capablanca, world chess champion, has not been stated. If it's the enigma of the soul they're still trying to solve they'll be disappointed as usual, a Harley Street chap tells us.

However, the experiment should be interesting—rather like Taine's holding a page of Renan's writing up to the light and saying "I can't imagine how it is done!"—and the noggins of the eminent are always fascinating. We were once hypnotised completely for half an hour by the skull of the great crafty and illustrious Louis XI., preserved

in the church of Cléry in the Sologne, trying to imagine the thoughts which once boiled tirelessly in that bowl of thin reddish bone. (Would he were alive to pull France out of the mud once more.) And once at a Test match at Nottingham we had a queer feeling, as the heroes passed in their white armour to the stricken field, that their noble skulls were not solid bone after all but harboured, say, one thought among eleven; an eerie feeling, at which Science would probably scoff.

It seems to be assumed by the specialists that Capablanca's brain was concerned entirely with chess; a pure fallacy. Great artists have many other interests—compare Caruso, once arrested for pinching a lady's south-western façade in Central Park, New York.

Charge

COMPLAINING mildly of an eminent organist recently, a music critic described him as "proud," which is true of most organists, who are devils for pride and take delight in pulling out the "swell-to-great" stop and shaking your very marrow with menace and doom.

Only two eminent organists, so far as we know, escape this charge. Sir Richard Terry, to whom the music world owes the recovery of those superb Masses of the English Tudor School by Tye, Taverner,



"It works out this week that the war ended a fortnight ago"

et al., was a delightful companion, full of jests and constantly trolling sea-chanties, on which he was also an authority. And as for César Franck, one-time organist of Ste. Clotilde in the Faubourg-St. Germain, he was admittedly one of the most modest, underpaid, and lovely characters who ever lived. Musing in that tall nineteenth-century Gothic church, where the fashionables go, we have felt the air full of Franck's heavenly harmonies. Any passage of his music invariably recalls to us now a coloured stone statue of Ste. Clotilde, Queen of the Franks, in her fifth-century flaxen tresses, and a vision of the great Foch *en civil* striding down the nave, gripping his umbrella like a sword. Not all music has such agreeable by-product associations, and least of all Mr. _____'s (name deleted by Censor).

Excuse

WHAT makes organists stiffnecked and difficult is probably the vogue of the cinema organ, last odious degradation of a noble instrument, whose maudlin throbbings have been perfectly described by Graham Greene as "the world's wet mouth lamenting over Life." Maybe they'd feel better about it if their seats went up and down like a lift, in a vulgar blaze of electric fairy lamps.

Tease

A PART from his beard, which is one of those vexing ones (a kind of Gielgud No. 5), the American poet Ezra Pound—known as "America's Haw-Haw" since he recently began broadcasting pro-Axis stuff from Rome to the United States—is one of those portentous enigmas who may be either God's greatest gift to



"Discipline isn't for you and me, Claude, discipline is for the masses!"



"Just as vet as a man can be, and no vetter!" (Mr. Jorrock)

"The Mudlarks": The Royal Engineers in Peace and War

By Lionel Edwards

"Ball of Fire"

Patch My Pantywaist! It's Lamb-Pie Gary Cooper
and Yum-Yum Barbara Stanwyck!



1. For nine years the eight professors have been working on a new encyclopædia at the Totten Foundation. Their conglomeration of books, papers and bottled snakes defies the efforts of their housekeeper to keep any sort of order. They have reached the letter "S" and one of their number must go out on a slang hunt for specimens of current idiom. Professor Bertram Potts, Litt.D., Ph.D. (Gary Cooper), is chosen



2. Professor Potts meets Sugarpuss O'Shea (Barbara Stanwyck), a strip-tease gangster's moll, at the night club he visits in the course of his encyclopædic studies and is intrigued by her command of "Slanguage." He invites her to the Foundation



3. Sugarpuss agrees to teach the Professor "Slanguage" and to take him to the places where it is conceived and given birth. "Shove in your clutch," she says, "you're futzing around" (which, being translated, means, "Get moving, you're wasting time")

5. Dan Duryea and Ralph Peters play two of the gangsters. They visit the Foundation to present Sugarpuss with an engagement ring from her boyfriend, Joe Lilac (Dana Andrews), who is in hiding

Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder have the picture at the Gaumont, an original by Howard Hawks and produced by [unclear] should provide for millions of filmgoers. Cooper is a scholarly professor who was as Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, and [unclear] spent nine years in Spartan celibacy. When they reach "S" and start their investigation, they may improve on Carl Sandburg's off its coat, spits on its hands and [unclear] glittering form of Sugarpuss O'Shea. Sugarpuss is a night-club singer and, in [unclear] hide from the police that she agreed to [unclear] at the Foundation is a credit to the [unclear] of the professors themselves is [unclear]



4. Sugarpuss has a gangster boy friend. The police want to question her about him. The Foundation offers a wonderful hide-out. Pleading a bad throat, she persuades the Professor to let her stay the night, to the delight of his colleagues, described by Sugarpuss as "Squirrely cherubs right out of this world"





6. The seven squirrely cherubs are intrigued with the zipper, an invention which has appeared since their retirement into encyclopædic study. Their experiments are watched anxiously by their elderly housekeeper (Kathleen Howard)



7. Sugarpuss teaches the professors La Conga. "Left, right, shove with your hips." The old boys try hard, but they're pretty gestanko (pretty bad)

9. Life at the Foundation has changed Sugarpuss's ideas. She finds it is Potts, not Joe, she loves. Joe threatens to kill Potts, but the professors outwit the gangsters



8. The shy Professor Potts has succumbed to the charm of the gangster's moll. He gets squirrel fever (the romantic urge). This suits Sugarpuss well, for in persuading him to marry her in New Jersey, she can establish contact with Joe, who is now anxious to marry her himself so that she will be unable to testify against him



10. Potts gets a black eye in his fight with Joe, but Joe is knocked out. The professors happily pack their captives into a garbage van and drive them to the New York police. Meantime, for Lambie-pie Potts and Yum-Yum Sugarpuss (which simply means charming Gary Cooper and kissable Barbara Stanwyck) there is romance and a perfectly hoytoytoy (wonderful time)

Young Marrieds



Mrs. Pat Lawrence is the recent bride of Mr. Terance Patrick Lawrence. Her husband is the youngest son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, Sheriff of Herts., 1931. Mrs. Lawrence was formerly Miss Mary Dupree, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Dupree, of Hindhead



Mrs. A. C. Collingwood is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Houlden, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. She was married last year to Arthur Christopher Collingwood, third son of the late Colonel C. G. Collingwood, C.B., and Mrs. Collingwood, of Lilburn Tower, Alnwick. While her husband is away on war service with the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Mrs. Collingwood is doing secretarial work of national importance



Mrs. Gordon Smith is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Malden. She is the wife of Lieut. Gordon Smith, R.N.V.R., son of Sir Robert Smith, the Member for Aberdeen and Kincardine Central Division. Lieut. Smith is following in his father's footsteps, for in peacetime he, too, is a barrister-at-law



Lieut. and Mrs. Michael Robinson were married recently. Mrs. Robinson is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. Charles Bridge, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Bridge, of West Wratting Park. Her husband, who is in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, is the son and heir of Sir Frederick Robinson, M.C., of Cranford Hall, Kettering

Photographs by
Harlip

Left:

Major and Mrs. Tony Warre were married on December 3rd. Mrs. Warre, the former Arbell Mackintosh, is the only daughter of Lady Maud Baillie and the late Captain Angus Mackintosh, and is a niece of the Duke of Devonshire. She is a staff driver at Red Cross headquarters



Mrs. J. K. Winter is the former Rachel Meynell. She is the younger daughter of Col. Francis Meynell (a kinsman of Lord Halifax) and Lady Dorothy Meynell, the only sister of the present Earl of Dartmouth. Rachel Meynell, who is a Commandant of the Red Cross, was married in the autumn of last year to John Kift Winter, the eldest son of the late Mr. W. de L. Winter and Mrs. Winter, of Grantchester, Cambridge



Standing By ...

(Continued)

civilisation or just a curious whiffing noise through a lamp-glass. We often wish we knew.

Mallarmé gave your Great-Aunt Genevieve the same trouble in the 1880's, and of course the sixteenth-century Spaniard Gongora was the father of all wilful poetic teases. Faced with a Pound offering such as :

Fish-scales over groin-muscles,
lynx-purr amid sea . . .
And of a later year,
pale in the wine-red algæ,
If you will lean over the rock,
the coral face under wave-tinge,
Rose-paleness under water-shift

—we often long to ask his Bloomsbury fans what the devil Pound means. They wouldn't know, most probably. And whenever we catch ourselves thinking hopefully that maybe the poet himself knows, anyhow, that pensive nursery verse of Oliver Herford's

about the goose-girl reading Schopenhauer to her flock comes stealing back to us :

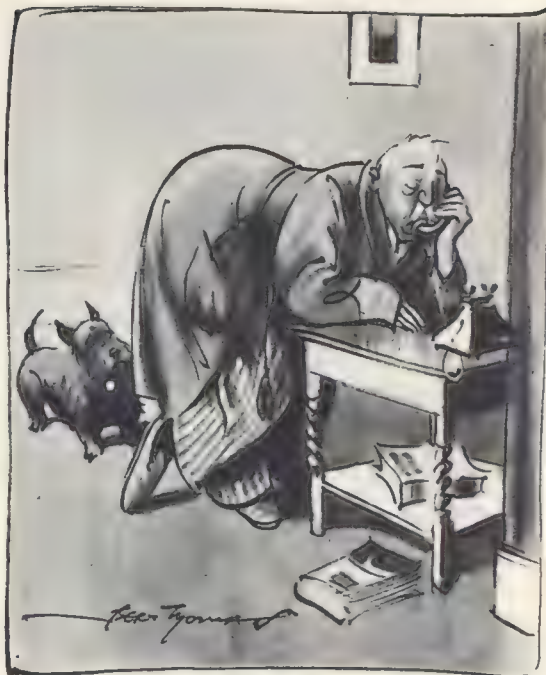
How pat-i-ent-ly the geese at-tend !
But do they re-all-y com-pre-hend
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driving at ?
Oh, not at all ! But what of that ?
Nei-ther do I. Nei-ther does she.
And (for that mat-ter) nor does he.

One consolation is that if the boys did or could explain, it might be a damn sight worse for everybody.

Rival

A PROPOS beards—a ticklish subject, as the little actress said shyly to the President of the British Association—the modesty of Mr. Marsland Gander, the *Daily Telegraph's* Special Correspondent in the East, who shaved his off on assuming khaki because he didn't want to appear a rival to General Smuts is commendable, in its way.

Smuts has a good right to wear the only officially recognised Army beard, not only in virtue of his distinction but because he has worn it ever since he fought the British so skilfully in South Africa, galloping the



"I say—a German airman has just landed in my garden—what attitude ought I to adopt towards him?"

veldt on a pony and wearing also a top hat and trousers tucked up to the knee. His only fibrous rival in World War I., Major Augustus John, King of Chelsea and Official Artist to the Forces, also had a right to flaunt that glowing Titian confection which made powerful brasshats sick on the roadside. On recovery Corps at once took it out of Divisions, who took it out of Brigade, and so it happened that some unfortunate sentry in "rest" billets found himself next day in clink for six months for a straggling bootlace.

Footnote

WHETHER a totally bearded Army would inspire more terror in the enemy the War Office even now can't decide, we learn. The highpitched nervous giggles and hysteria and other fear-phenomena of the Brains Trust are no guide. Those boys would carry on like little mad things even if Slogger Joad paraded with a sweet smooth pink face, Cambridge psychologists reported recently after experiments on rats.

Incident

SURVEY of the newspaper-files—a grim but wholesome discipline—reveals that the surrender after seven days of the 70,000 at Singapore, described recently by the *Daily Mail* as the most disgraceful incident in our history, aroused far less passion and shame in the Island Race than the Larwood bodyline affair, or the incident of 1931 when a Player winked at a Gentleman's niece at Lord's and was denounced by the Prime Minister and five bishops.

Cricket having been the absorbing and only spiritual occupation of the Race for many generations, this is only right. On the other hand, the Player's humble plea that a fly got in his proletarian eye was too mercilessly brushed aside by the M.C.C., and that five-hour speech by the leading K.C. for the prosecution made a trifle too much, we thought, of threats to the honour of Gentlemen's nieces over a certain age. The mob which demonstrated outside the little calaboose at Lord's in which the professionals are penned was not wholly avenging British womanhood, furthermore; at least 78 per cent. thought Bp. Jardine had been kissed by a horse. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"P.S.—The company has wrote and said they don't believe your last instalment was torpedoed off the Cape, so they are coming for the radiogram on Monday"

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Red Cross Fund

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER expressed his gratitude and satisfaction at this fund having topped the £10,000,000 mark. Lord Iliffe upon the same occasion spoke of the "second ten million." It surely needs no stressing from anyone, in view of certain recent and very distressing disclosures, to realise that Lord Iliffe was too moderate in his hopes. Four or five times ten million will not be too much. Mr. Eden has given us the bare outlines of the first chapter of the latest horror story of this war, but everyone realised that it was only the first chapter. Many knew at least a fortnight before the Foreign Secretary's disclosure, the much fuller facts, and everyone must know that the rest of the story which is to come will outvie even what has happened in Poland, and the burial alive of the wounded in Russia. It was this last that made Russia see red. Captain L. D. Gammans, M.P. for Hornsey, has said that what this country and this Empire must do is to do likewise and go fighting mad. Is there not already incentive enough?

À Propos de Bottes

SOMEONE has recently been descanting upon the beauties and excellences of Trincomalee, and has remarked that even the name may be Greek to the majority—but this has never applied to any sailor man. It is everything that the enthusiast has said in the way of scenic loveliness, soundings and seclusion, but these are only minor accessories to a first-class naval base. One thing our guide did not mention was the deep-sea fish. When I was last there, Trinco was stiffer with sharks than even Colombo—and that is saying summat. There is another harbour a bit farther south, however, which could eat two Trincomalees and even then not get indigestion. The local inhabitants are most justly proud of it, and it is not surprising, therefore, that any visitor should be asked very constantly whether he has seen it. Once upon a time, when one of the biggest of our fighting ships was in, one of our matlows got so bored

with this question that he said: "No, chum, I *aven't*!" "Not seen our 'arbour!" said the longshoreman, "you *must* 'ave!" "I tell you I ain't," said the jolly tar, "our ship's on it!"

The Irish Grand National

WHATEVER may or may not be the future fate of racing in England, they will carry on in "neutral" Ireland, just as they have done since September 3rd, 1939, unless and until . . . (I leave the missing words to "Von" Hitler and Mr. Eamon de Valera). The Irish Grand National will be run on Easter Monday, April 6th, over that grand course at Fairyhouse, which is in the Meath country, and not very far from Tara's halls, so famed in song and story for harp music!

The race is like our own, a handicap, and at the time of writing I have not seen the weights, and am not even aware whether the handicapper has finished an always brain-racking sum. I fancy, however, that he will have had to begin with horses like St. Martin, whose 12 st. 7 lb. in the heavy mud at Leopardstown absolutely anchored him; Prince Regent, who ought to have won that race; Jack Chaucer, an ex-winner of the Irish G.N., and also of the Red Cross Steeplechase; General Chiang, one of Miss Dorothy Paget's nominations, and probably Golden Jack, another of the same owner's; for these are the pick of the basket, and with any sort of luck, there ought to be a battle worth going a long way to see. Incidentally, I fear that few of us from this side of St. George's Channel will have the luck to be there, because there is a thing called a war in full blast. However, a little matter like that will not worry Ireland.

Prince Regent or St. Martin?

THOUGH we are bound to look very hard at Prince Regent's easy win with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back over three miles at Navan on February 21st, and remember that he had the recent Red Cross 'Chase in his pocket but for slipping up in the bad going at the last fence, personally I am still convinced that St. Martin



Rugby Football Spectators

Major Bruce Lockhart and Judge Alexander were two onlookers at the recent Rugger match between the New Zealand Army and Rosslyn Park. It was a fast, attractive game, played in ideal conditions at the Old Deer Park, Richmond. J. M. Bruce Lockhart scored the third try for Rosslyn Park

is the best 'chaser in Ireland, and that if the weights look to give him any kind of a chance, it will be a mistake to let him run loose. They cannot give him more than 12 st. 7 lb., and that should not stop him; if they give him any less—! In the Red Cross 'Chase he had 12 st. 7 lb., and finished fifth; Prince Regent had 11 st. 8 lb.—nearly a stone less, and fell as just mentioned, through no fault of his own. The Irish official handicapper has said that Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Jack is only 2 lb. inferior to St. Martin. He ran nowhere and nowhere in the Red Cross 'Chase, and if I had to pick one to beat St. Martin and Prince Regent over the longer distance at Fairyhouse, I do not think that it would be this one. I think I should name Jack Chaucer. Anyway, there seems to be the father and mother of a really grand fight, and Fairyhouse being such a fine battlefield, it makes the heart ache all the worse because one is not able to be there to see it.

Sun Castle

THE premature termination of the racing career of Lord Portal's good colt, Sun Castle, owing to a foot injury, which made further active operations impossible, and eventually necessitated his destruction, is a cause for



Queen Mary's Grandson Now Guardsman Recruit

Recruit Lascelles, of the Grenadier Guards, is the nineteen-year-old son of the Earl of Harewood and H.R.H. Princess Mary. He recently joined the Guards and as a recruit is receiving 2s. 6d. a day. He is seen receiving instruction in musketry, one of the first courses taken by the soldier in embryo



The Princess Royal Visits the K.S.L.I. Barracks

H.R.H. Princess Mary recently inspected the A.T.S. stationed at the K.S.L.I. Barracks, Shrewsbury. Accompanied by Gen. Sir Charles Grant, Colonel of the K.S.L.I., she was received by the Sub-Area Comdr., a Colonel of the K.S.L.I., Capt. Barton, Senior A.T.S. Comdr. Mrs. Fielden, Junior A.T.S. Comdr. Mrs. Cock, and A.T.S. Lieuts. Hughes and De Trafford



Two More Rugger Spectators

Other spectators included Major Lusty and Mr. W. Robinson. Rosslyn Park beat the New Zealand Army by 14 points to 0. A month ago on the same ground, though under less ideal conditions, they beat the Royal New Zealand Air Force by one point (16-15)

much sympathy with both the owner and the trainer, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who performed such wonders with him last season in the face of stupendous difficulties. Sun Castle won both the St. Simon Stakes and the Leger, and for him to have done so was a great feather in his trainer's cap, because not only was this colt a bit late to hand, but the going underfoot was all against him. This undoubtedly accounted for his most disappointing performance in the Derby, for which he was much fancied, especially by Newmarket, but for which the eventual winner, Owen Tudor, was not, his S.P. having been 25-to-1. In the Free Handicap for four-year-olds, the erudite official put Owen Tudor in at 9 st. 7 lb. and Sun Castle at 9 st. 4 lb., and I am sure he had good reason to take no chance with one that, on his day, is very, very good, but very bad when it is not his day. The Leger was not one of Owen Tudor's days. He started second favourite to Château Larose, and the kindly ones said that he failed to stay when the pressure was put on. Sun Castle started at 10-to-1, which was a fair figure in the circumstances. This is as may be; but he had Owen Tudor thoroughly well beaten in the St. Simon Stakes (1½ miles), only a quarter of a mile short of the new Leger distance; however, as Sun Castle only won by half a length from Devonian, perhaps the prophets were right about his figure for the Leger.

An Omission

IN my note upon the polo career of the late Major-General J. C. Campbell, V.C., I omitted one item which should have been included. He and also Captain B. J. Fowler and Captain H. G. Morrison were in the Gunners' team which beat the all-conquering 17th/21st Lancers in 1927, by 7 goals to 6, after a most terrific fight. The Gunners were the only people who managed to take the famous Cavalry team's number down since 1913. The Royal Regiment's complete record in the Inter-Regimental therefore reads: 1927, 1932 and 1935.

Handicapping

THE one and only object of all good handicappers is so to apportion the weights that the race should end in a mammoth dead-heat. This consummation has never yet been achieved in the whole history of the turf, but it still remains the handicapper's dream. There arise occasions when a handicapper knows that he has given a good horse less weight than the mathematical calculation says that he ought to have, and the dispenser has taken this course because he thinks that it would be very wrong to break a fine performer down. It is possible to stop the best horse ever lapped in leather by piling the lead on to him. He is usually such a game and courageous animal that he will try to carry it and win, but it is all wrong either to ask him to do it, or to let him try if such an unfair question has been asked him. So what?

No. 2126, MARCH 25, 1942]

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Canadian Highland Regiment, C.A.O.

Front row: Majors A. E. Langston, G. E. Lockwood, H. C. A. Hervey, V.D., the Commanding Officer, Majors D. G. McLauchlan, T. B. Donald. Middle row: Pipe Major R. Stoker, Lieuts. A. H. McMullen, W. D. Heyland, W. H. Buchanan, Capt. J. Campbell, B. McKenzie, Lieuts. R. L. Ellis, R. G. McLean, G. A. Kitchen, Pipe Major N. Sutherland. Back row: Lieuts. H. E. C. Dann, R. Downie, H. T. R. Gregg, G. E. Wood, J. Burton, Capt. R. M. Wynn, Lieuts. D. Munro, R. Gordon, R. E. M. Cross



D. R. Stuart

St. Mary's Hospital XV. Have Won Ten Out of Fifteen Matches This Season

This very successful Hospital XV. will be meeting the other hospitals in the Annual Hospital "Seven-a-Side" next month. Front row: W. A. Homer, A. W. Young, L. L. Bromley (Secretary), R. T. Campbell (captain), T. A. Kemp, D. J. B. Johnston, E. P. Griffiths. Back row: J. W. Twining, J. C. McDonald, C. T. Nevenham, W. F. Peart, P. M. Vasey, J. M. Forbes, A. Venniker, K. Mackenzie, L. W. T. Tanner (referee)



D. R. Stuart

Officers and N.C.O.s of a Fighter Squadron Somewhere in England

Front row: Fly. Off. L. W. Collingridge, Flt. Lieut. R. F. T. Doe, D.F.C., Sq. Ldr. A. S. Forbes, D.F.C., Fly. Offs. J. H. Pickering, A. L. Clow, E. J. Partridge. Back row: Sergt. N. Reid, Plt. Off. W. R. L. Daddo-Langlois, Sergts. C. G. Green, R. Thompson, Plt. Offs. J. E. Hogg, W. M. Whitmore, P. Olver, Fly. Offs. F. N. Beaufort-Palmer, C. Cookson, Plt. Off. N. J. Durrant, Fly. Off. K. M. Willis

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Nail On the Head

MR. EVELYN WAUGH is never shy of his subject. In this he differs from many novelists who give one the feeling, half-way through, of being committed to something they do not quite like. Just as a person in a restaurant who has inadvertently ordered the wrong thing pushes the food half-heartedly round his plate, so does one kind of novelist push his subject around. Mr. Waugh is never in this position.

In his latest novel, *Put Out More Flags* (Chapman and Hall; 8s.), Mr Waugh has settled down to a subject of which our novelists have been shy—people's private, uncensored reactions to the outbreak of war.

The book opens on that sunny Sunday morning, September 3rd, 1939, and covers the first (or Bore War) phase of hostilities. The main scene—with one or two breaks—is England. You may say: "Yes, but this has been done before." It has been attempted, but not done—that is exactly where shyness has come in. So far, this has been a bad war for contemporary novels: all the best productions have been "escapes."

There have certainly been a number of wartime novels, but these struck me as being inhibited. On the whole, our novelists have played safe; they appear to have imagined into existence a censorship such as never was, or could be. Against this, they are anxious not to offend. Consequently, they work hard to be bright, and at the same time to represent all their English characters as being, in wartime, inflexibly noble.

Orthodox topics for comedy, such as evacuees, servant-shortage and ill-assorted relatives moving in on each other, have been played on till one could nearly scream. I respect the good intentions of novelists who hope, by their work, to contribute to good morale. But I cannot feel it a good thing, even in wartime, to overlook so much of reality.

As a reader, I feel I should like a pause in the list of smiling-through novels of English middle-class life—blitzed or unblitzed, billeted upon or not billeted upon. We have been given many, and they were nice.

But, after all, when England became the Home Front, she did not cease to be a diversified society, full of crooks, cranks, rakes, sillies and egotists. On Sunday, September 3rd, we did not all change our spots—as though we had gone into church, and never come out again. War has, if anything, heightened our foibles. One has heard a good deal of free, ruthless and racy talk—after all, it is freedom that we are fighting for. Those nice, orthodox, smiling-through novels have only told us the half. For some time we have awaited the novelist who could reflect, in a book, the truly fantastic scene.

This has been done by Mr. Evelyn Waugh. *Put Out More Flags* seems to

me to hit the nail right on the head. So much so that any reader lulled by conventional war-time fiction may receive a series of slight shocks. As to the pre-"Churchillian renaissance" England, Mr. Waugh has no illusions at all. He writes as most of us thought, felt, talked—though, need I say, much more brilliantly.

Town and Country

IT may be argued that Mr. Waugh, from the time he burst on us with *Decline and Fall*, has always created a special world—or, in fact, that Waugh characters are a race apart, a race so individual and so stylish that a generation of humans grew up to imitate them (which would not be the first case of Nature following Art).

Actually, the thing about Waugh characters is that they are superhumanly natural: they behave as they feel. They appear sophisticated because one is unaccustomed to seeing people behave as simply as this. In their willingness to try anything once, they preserve an incorruptible naïveté. The young things and the old buffers, all highly idiosyncratic, all seem, in one sense, the same age.

At the same time, with each novel of Mr. Waugh's they have been, as a race, perceptibly growing up. And either they have been growing more like us or we have been growing more like them. Either we have become more extraordinary, or Mr. Waugh's characters have become less so.

It is, therefore, with a far from impersonal interest that we watch these Waugh people take 1939. Its forecast shadow had long been felt in their world. They were butterflies (if



Harlip

Polly Peabody, Traveller and Author

In the early part of 1940, Polly Peabody sailed from New York to Finland as a member of the American Scandinavian Field Unit, which she had been largely responsible in raising. She never reached her destination. Instead, her journey took her from German-occupied Norway to German-occupied France, via Sweden, Russia, the Balkans, Italy and Switzerland. Her story is told in "Occupied Territory," published by the Cresset Press

they were butterflies) of an uneasy, draughty and clouded summer.

It is Basil Seal (of *Black Mischief*) who, present or absent, strings together the country and London scenes of *Put Out More Flags*. A cool hand, he does not cease to worry, and to be loved by, with degrees of exasperation, three women—his sister, Barbara Sot-hill; his mother, Lady Seal; his mistress, Angela Lyne. Barbara, alone, since the war, at Malfrey, has the restless pleasure, for some time, of housing Basil, who not only finds a way of milching her neighbourhood, but is soon au mieux with the local bride.

At the start, all three loving women had hailed the war as a heaven-sent solution of the Basil problem; they had dedicated his life to his country with a mixture of solemnity and relief. But Lady Seal's attempts to manoeuvre Basil into the Bombardier Guards are not, for reasons shown, a success.

Sir Joseph Mainwaring, too often Basil's unhappy sponsor, expects the worst, and is justified. In their London flat, among bottles and needlework, Alistair and Sonia Trumpington—these days very happy out of the limelight—wonder what *this* war will be like. In London, Basil, before his reverse with the colonel and his get-out to Malfrey, has been converging with the intelligentia, in the person of his reigning silly, the artistic Poppet Green.

More deeply, and with a profound repugnance, is that unhappy aesthete of the 'twenties, Ambrose Silk, involved with the same youthful, dreary and

(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

MARRIAGE has many pitfalls, but I think that one of the most

subtly dangerous is the psychological fact that mentally, as well as physically, human beings are always developing and never at the same tempo. So that, given time, it is fatally easy for two people to come, so to speak, to the end of each other. Henceforward, the closer the association the wider the gap.

Sooner or later, lovers as well as bosom friends come all unconsciously to a cross-road, where one may stay put while the other goes on. And if, legally, they can never separate, then it is not very long before two strangers face each other; polite strangers, maybe, but each with nothing much to say, and both puzzled and secretly lonely.

The truth is, alas! that we outgrow each other—like children outgrow their clothes. There is no blame to be attached to it. It is as inevitable—unless two people remain adolescent all their lives, or peradventure grow wiser in the same way and at the same pace—as Fate.

Yet it is a tragedy when two people, who once loved, gradually fade out of each other's inner lives; not from any wish to do so, but simply because, while one has deepened and widened, mentally and spiritually, the other has scarcely stirred.

It is far more binding to share enthusiasms than to share a home. There is a

By Richard King

sense of going-forward, a freedom in the one; there can easily be in the other merely a kind of false liberty which, in reality, is often more hard to endure than close confinement. It is so difficult in love to separate what is physical from what is fundamental.

Just as every woman comes to the man she loves as a virgin, no matter what her past may have been, so everyone who falls in love begins anew that belief that here is the dream-territory made real, where they will have at last discovered that ideal companionship which is like coming home to a place where all the best is understood and every striving encouraged.

So it is with friendship—and by friendship I mean love without its lust. It seems to open up the Promised Land wherein we shall find that mingling of interests and ideals without which, go forward in time as we may, we shall never reach the farthest boundary.

And then something happens. We forgot one thing. We forgot that in both love and friendship completion is a daily task. We can never casually sit back and allow it to flow over us. If we do, it is the end.

For, metaphorically speaking, there are few lonelier tragedies in life than to yearn to listen to Beethoven, only to discover that the one who once seemed to yearn too now only wants to play the record "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire"—over and over and over again!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Spittle — Rees

2nd Lieut. Lewin T. Spittle, 17th/21st Lancers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Spittle, of 7, Herschel Road, Cambridge, and Nancie Rees, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trehearne Rees, of Oakfield, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., were married at Chalfont St. Peter Parish Church, Bucks.



Graham — Graham-Jones

Captain Alastair Graham, The Green Howards, son of the late Sir Guy Graham and Katharine Lady Graham, of Norton Conyers, Ripon, Yorkshire, married Gundreda Margaret Graham-Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham-Jones, of Bockhampton House, Dorchester, Dorset, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Freeman — Maitland Edwards

Wing Com. Trevor O. Freeman, R.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Freeman, of Dunedin, New Zealand, and Juliet Maitland Edwards were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She is the elder daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. G. Maitland Edwards, of Kensington Cottage, Newmarket



Crawshaw — Treffry

Mr. E. D. W. Crawshaw, Administrator-General of Zanzibar, married Rosemary Treffry at St. Thomas's Church, Durban, South Africa. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Roger Treffry, of Porthpean, St. Austell, Cornwall. The bridegroom is a Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R.



Beryl Hare

Beryl Hare, youngest daughter of the late Marcus Hare, of Forest House, Chigwell Row, Essex, and of Mrs. Hare, of 33, Thurloe Street, S.W., is engaged to Captain R. Sinclair Scott, the Highland Light Infantry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Scott, of Stroove, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire



Mrs. E. V. Clarke

Pamela Crosland, only child of the late Major and Mrs. G. W. Kilner Crosland, of Barkside, Pangbourne, Berks., and Pilot Officer E. V. Clarke, only son of Captain and Mrs. W. E. Clarke, of Salina, Malta, were married at Douai Abbey, St. Mary's, Newbury



Longden — Bevis

Squadron Leader John L. Longden, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Longden, of Toddington, Gloucestershire, and of Regent's Park, and Maureen Bevis, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. B. Bevis, of Alderhurst, Englefield Green, Surrey, were married at Egham Church



Tritton — Skewes-Cox

Major John Hedley Tritton, R.A., younger son of Major and Mrs. Claud H. Tritton, of Langford Hall, Malden, Essex, married Susette Pamela Skewes-Cox, daughter of Major and Mrs. T. E. Skewes-Cox, of Badgers, Cross-in-Hand, Sussex, at the Savoy Chapel



Villiers — Payne

Flying Officer David H. Villiers, R.A.F.V.R., son of Major and Mrs. Oliver Villiers, of Elm Park Gardens, S.W., married Freda Patricia Payne, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the only child of the late Richard Payne, of Eastgate, Louth, Lincs., and Mrs. Whittaker



Wagstaff — Cadell

Lieut.-Com. Noel J. Wagstaff, R.N., second son of the late Major-General C. M. Wagstaff, and Leila Mary Cadell were married at Christ's Church, Victoria Road. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. P. H. Cadell, of Glington, Northants.

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 395)

the best of things until such time as she can go back to the country she loves. Her daughter, Leonora, Lady Inchcape, is staying with her, and spending all day packing at the Prisoners of War depot, North Row. The Rance's return to England was quite an adventure, and she left Guam, Wake Island, Midway and Pearl Harbour just ahead of each invasion, flying all the way. She is writing a translation of Sarawak fairy-tales, and they sound most attractive.

Procession in Shaftesbury

SHAFTESBURY, the very old town on a hill, opened its Warship Week with a procession. The Mayor and Aldermen were there, making speeches, also Admiral Sir Dudley North (who used to be in command of the King's yacht) to declare it open, and Lady North. Last speech was by the local M.P., Mr. Angus Hambro. Messages from Mr. A. V. Alexander and Sir Kingsley Wood were read, and the sum in savings aimed at is £75,000.

After the speeches the band of the Dorset Regiment struck up, and the procession was due—a slight pause first was happily filled by everyday incidents like the local bus, postman and such.

Then came, first of all, three tanks, with Mr. Neville Berry, Lord Kemsley's son, a human conning-tower on the first one. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and Captain Sir Hugh Smiley, in the same regiment, was watching. The procession represented activities of all the Services, and included several excellent bands.

People and Parties

WILTSHIRE is full of people, quantities of soldiers as well as the usual inhabitants, with big and little parties erupting pretty regularly. Among those specially keeping things going are Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, Mrs. Shand, who was Miss Ruperta Bromley, and who works in Shaftesbury Hospital, Mrs. Rupert Mitford, Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy, who plays the piano marvellously, Captain Freddie Hennessey, Mr. Jimmy Egerton and Mr. Spencer Loch.

Mr. and Mrs. "Ikey" Bell have a house in Shaftesbury—their daughter, Miss Diana Bell, well known before the war as a point-to-point rider, has been having a week's leave hunting in Ireland, where her father was Master of the Kilkenny Hounds before he took over the South and West Wilts.

Lady Arundel is living at Wardour Castle, quite near—it is full of evacuee children and nuns—and another lovely house in the neighbourhood now contains an evacuated preparatory school. A visiting father was Lord Brougham and Vaux; and visiting her husband in Shaftesbury Hospital was Lady Cholmondeley: Major Sir Hugh Cholmondeley very unluckily had his leg badly hurt by a truck.

Music

THE Royal Philharmonic Society has just ended its 130th season with a programme of three symphonies by Schubert, Sibelius and Beethoven, conducted by Mr. Basil Cameron. After the concert Miss Marion Scott, chairman of the music section of the Forum Club, gave tea to members of the Society on behalf of the club.

The London Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at the Wigmore Hall at the week-end under Walter Goehr, and will give another next Sunday at the Cambridge Theatre, at which Myra Hess and Irene Scharrer will play double concertos.



Crown Prince of Greece a Godfather

Parents and godparents were photographed together outside Chevening Church, near Sevenoaks, after the christening of Rowland Paul, son of Commander and Mrs. Rowland H. Stokes-Rees. L. to r.: W. R. Crampton Chalk, Miss V. A. Godwin, W.R.N.S., Miss Audrey Stokes-Rees (holding the baby), H.R.H. Crown Prince Paul of Greece, Mrs. Stokes-Rees, Commander Stokes-Rees, R.N., and Mr. Sam Marsh

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

earnest set: passionately does he fail to share their concern as to the futures of Parsnip and Pimpernell, two poets who have fled to New York. Peter Pastmaster reappears, woos and marries. Ambrose Silk, through his publisher, Mr. Bentley, becomes involved with the Ministry of Information.

Angela Lyne, alone, goes through a bad time in her flat. Basil, having built up a tidy sum in the Malfrey neighbourhood by means I will not reveal, returns to London and makes the War Office, but not Susie, who is the preserve of Colonel Plum. Cedric Lyne, Angela's husband, goes to Norway, not to return.

Put Out More Flags is at once implicitly sombre and brilliantly funny. I do not really think that any living novelist writes better than Mr. Waugh. In this book, as well as everything else, there are pages of a nervous, reticent beauty. His range of feeling, as well as his powers as a writer, continue to amaze me. He has placed, in *Put Out More Flags*, that first phase of the war—a phase so negatively tragic in its futility—in the perspective of judgment, as well as time. We and his people know better now. He implies a hundred ironies that he does not state.

I call this our first war novel because—though in the light of my summary this may seem odd—it is the first grown-up and serious one. Mr. Waugh has done more than cut the cackle; he has spoken—though with apparent lightness—the truth. No wonder he is not shy of his subject: only inefficacious people are shy.

Sea View

TO read *Windswept* after *Put Out More Flags* was hardly fair on Miss Mary Ellen Chase, an American novelist whose wide reputation may well—I did feel—be deserved. It is possible, I reminded myself, to be a writer without being astringent.

Windswept (Collins; 9s. 6d.) is a novel about a house (of that name) built by a well-to-do but high-minded New England family in an exposed position on the rocky, sea-buffed East Maine coast. Three generations of Marstons are to be conditioned by the original Philip's fancy for this place.

Round the Marstons at *Windswept* collect a number of other characters—Jan, who is first met, with his brother Anton, as a forlorn little immigrant from Bohemia; Jan's sister, Philomena, a more recent importation; Mrs. Haskell, kind but meticulous housekeeper; two locals, Caleb and the unfortunate Dan; the French and mysterious Adrienne, who unexpectedly has a war-baby; and Julie, that same baby in later life, who looks like making a bride for young Roderick.

I think it must be Miss Chase's intention to show that worthwhile happiness is not lightly gained. The Marstons and their circle have waves of grief to contend with: I have seldom met so many deaths in one book. When one of the principal characters smilingly dropped dead and lay there in the sunshine, I was so inured that I hardly batted an eyelid. On the other hand, their love and money troubles were nil.

I do try to be fair to *Windswept*, and to the nice, happy Marstons. I realise it counts for much too much with me that they chose for their house such an awfully arty name. That I did not enjoy this book more continues to worry me: you may take this worry to be one kind of tribute. I should like other readers to try *Windswept*: it may quite possibly have some secret I have not found.

Fellowship

"*PILGRIM PARTNERS*," by Sir Harry Brittain (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), is the story of forty years in the life of a unique organisation. The Pilgrims, founded in 1902, with one section in England and one in America, have been described by a leading New York newspaper as "probably the most distinguished international organisation in the world." Their object was to promote, and they have promoted, closer fellowship, through friendly, informal meetings, between the two great English-speaking nations.

The Pilgrims' dinners and luncheons, in London and New York, have been invaluable as meeting-grounds. Prominent Americans and Englishmen, visiting each others' sides of the Atlantic, have been acclaimed and welcomed; conversations have had far-reaching and happy outcomes; historic speeches have been made.

The first appearance of an incoming American Ambassador in England, of an incoming British Ambassador in America, is now, acceptedly, at a Pilgrim dinner. In London, visiting representatives of the Dominions have also been entertained. One can see how The Pilgrims have helped to make history. Statesmen, bishops, sportsmen, explorers, authors, actors have been among their guests.

In the foundation of The Pilgrims, in that August of 1902 that preceded King Edward VII.'s Coronation, Sir Harry Brittain himself was a prime mover—he gives a very animated account of his thirty-mile cab-drive round and round London, organising the first function at short notice. As chairman for very many years, he was unflaggingly active—as many tributes attest.

Lord Roberts, the original president, was on his death succeeded by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. On Sir Harry's retirement from the chairmanship, he was succeeded by Lord Desborough, whom Lord Derby followed.

The Pilgrims' interests and their activities were many. It was to them, for instance, that the American Officers' Club in London during the last war owed its being. These annals, *Pilgrim Partners*, are fascinating. And one feels that that good idea, back in 1902, is in 1942 bearing important fruit.



Mens' clothes by
Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

BY M. E. BROOKE

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION



Many spring and summer dresses are making their debut in the model gown department of Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. They are simple, distinctive and the colour schemes introduce a cheerful note: nevertheless there is no elaboration. The frock above is of spring crêpe and is of such a character that it wears remarkably well. It is a study in marine blue, tiel green and half-ripe cherries. The neckline is important, as it is cut in a deep "V," while the sleeves are short and the skirt accordion-pleated. Braid, in many instances, is taking the place of embroidery in the all-through-the-day frocks; bell sleeves are rapidly coming into their own again. A pretty conceit is a mock peasant belt, those of check being seen on dresses of plain fabrics



Yeoman's work may be elicited from a decorative blouse and tailored skirt. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, have a unique variety. There are many models that may be worn with long or short skirts. The model seen on the right above is carried out in pale blue tucked georgette, the panelled front being relieved with black velvet cravat bows. Again, there are tailored shirts in cheerful colours. Also from Harvey Nichols comes the house-coat on the left; the blouse portion is of dusky pink and dark blue. A very new note is introduced in the skirt and that is a ruched hip yoke: it is wonderful how flattering it is

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Stories from Everywhere

"YES, it's great stuff, this tonic," said the salesman. "It'll make you feel ten years younger, sir."

"Ten years? Well, it's no good to me," said Brown. "I wouldn't mind feeling sixteen years younger, but ten years—no."

"How's that?" asked the salesman.

"I've been married fifteen years—that's why."

"THE Prodigal Son" was the subject of the Sunday school lesson, and the minister, who had paused to visit the infants' class, was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amidst all the enjoyment," said the preacher, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy; to whom the prodigal's return gave no happiness, only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast and had no wish to attend it. Now, who can tell me who this was?"

Silence for several moments; then a hand was raised and a small sympathetic voice said:

"Please, sir, it was the fatted calf."

THE village milkman bought a horse for the morning round. It was not exactly a thoroughbred, but it had four legs.

One day he took his bargain to the blacksmith to have him shod. The smith regarded the weary-looking animal critically, paying particular attention to his lean body and spindly legs.

"You ought to have a horse there some day," he said at length. "I see you've got the scaffolding up."

"I wish you'd overlook it this time, constable," pleaded the motorist who had been pulled up for speeding. "As a matter of fact, I was dashing up to town to see my solicitor on very urgent business."

"That's all right, sir," was the soothing reply.

"Now you'll have some more news for him."



"Do you like long stems, Sir?"

THE sergeant was drilling a batch of recruits, and saw that one of them was marching out of step. The sergeant, being one of the sarcastic sort, went up to the man and said:

"Do you know they are all out of step except you?"

"What?" asked the recruit innocently.

"I said they are all out of step except you," repeated the sergeant, thoroughly angry now.

"Well," was the retort, "I can't do anything about it. It's your job to tell them—you're in charge."

SOME of the greatest things in life have been done by men when they have been alone.

If this doesn't apply to golf, nothing does.

THE country vicar was nailing some trelliswork up in his garden, when he looked up and saw a London evacuee boy watching him. With a pleasant smile, he said:

"Well, my little man, are you interested in wood-work or gardening?"

"Not me, guv'nor," said the boy with a grin, "I'm just waitin' to 'ear what a parson says when 'e 'its 'is thumb."

THE scene was a Hollywood film studio. Thousands of "extras," attired as French revolutionaries storming the Bastille, filled the middle distance.

In the foreground, on a rostrum, was the director, bawling through a megaphone:

"We're going to do this over and over again—until the guy shouting 'whoopie' decides to co-operate."

SHE had gone to the fortune teller and had listened with increasing interest to the sketch of her life as portrayed in the lines of her palm.

"Madam," said the fortune teller in his most impressive manner, "you should be very, very happy. A nobler man than your husband you have yet to meet."

"How absolutely thrilling!" gushed the lady. "But when?"

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Critic Crop

Do you believe in critics? And with one accord the well-trained audience should cry: "Yes!" For the general review of Britain's air position which was made around the time of the presentation of the Air Estimates to Parliament showed that the critics had done useful work; it showed that there had been sprouting from the grousing and a bumper critic crop.

In air war, truth will out, in spite of security departments, political smoke screens and official communiqués. I must repeat here my favourite maxim that nothing is true unless it has been officially denied at least once. There is no branch of the military science in which the statement that only the chiefs of staff really know what is happening is less accurate.

In fact, it may come about that the chiefs of staff ("hurry, hurry; toil and flurry: muddle, bother, fuss and worry," as somebody put it a fortnight ago in a verse impolitely called "The Three Hitches") the chiefs of staff, I say, may be so hedged about and so entangled in their own intelligence reports, and so fussed, worried and bothered by the demands of the war cabinet, that they find themselves totally untotalitarian, or in other words, unable to look on the broader aspects of the war. They struggle from task to task without noticing whether or how each task is linked with the one that went before it.

The much derided member of the public, however, does see the broader picture and often fails to see the detail. And the public criticisms of such things as the British bombing policy, and the types of aircraft now used in the Service have done good.

Speaker Sinclair

At Air Estimates time Sir Archibald Sinclair again proved himself an able speaker—and that in spite of, or perhaps because of, his stutter. I could not make up my mind how much of that stutter is tactical and how much physiological. Once or twice, when questions were being asked, it did seem that the stutter suddenly came in at a most convenient moment. But perhaps my impression was not justified.

In gesture, the present Air Minister is particularly effective. That is a rare thing to find in the House of Commons where the gestures of most members are

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

wooden, awkward and repetitive. But Sir Archibald Sinclair has a wide and vivid range of gesture which he uses skilfully to gain the attention and to pin it to the subject.

No one who listened to him in the House of Commons will deny that he gripped his audience and that he displayed a knowledge of the subject of military aviation which was obviously the outcome of more than the prepared advices of his department.

Editorial

WHILE I speak of the good work done by the critics I must not fail to mention Mr. J. L. Garvin who gave up the position of editor of *The Observer* a short time ago. In his editorials he enunciated the proposition that a combination of air power with sea power would be the most important factor in the winning of this war and he drove home that argument week after week.

He was one of the first to give aviation a prominent place in the Sunday newspapers, as *THE TATLER* was one of the first to give it a prominent place in the weekly periodicals. It was pleasing to see the way in which the other newspapers, including those which had been in direct competition with his, gave Garvin proper recognition.

Aviation used not to get much space in the less enlightened papers. In fact, it was not until a few years before the present war that it began to get the attention it deserved as a rapidly growing science. The great air events were always reported in full, of course, and they did make superb newspaper stories. The great races like the Schneider Trophy and the England-Australia events were treated at enormous length. But that was air reporting rather than air correspondence. There was a scarcity of regular informed comment.

Rank

MANY people with long aviation experience come to me and tell me that they have been unable to get a post of any kind in the R.A.F. or any of its ancillaries. They complain bitterly that ministers exhort everybody to work like mad, yet make no provision for allowing those who want to do so to get jobs.

In many cases there is justification for this complaint. I can name people whose services ought to be used but who have been turned down time after time for no adequate reason. They include men with vast experience and of proved competence. But I do hear another side when I speak to those officers in the Royal Air Force who are responsible for taking in new men. The other side is that some of these experienced and competent pilots are not telling the whole story when they say that they have striven to obtain jobs, and when they say that they are ready to do anything. The fact is that, in some cases, they have agreed to do anything, but in doing so have demanded an undertaking that, upon joining, they will be given a rank above that of pilot officer—some of them according to my informant, wanted to go straight in as squadron leaders.

Now that is an impossible demand. Whatever the experience and ability of a man, whatever his past achievements, he must be ready on joining the Service to enter at the lowest rank. If he still retains his skill and ability he will certainly move up rapidly.

I have watched the career of some of my friends in the Royal Air Force who joined after the outbreak of war, having been engaged on civilian tasks, and the indication is always that ability is recognised and that it gains promotion quickly. No one should object to joining in the lowest rank and those who make stipulations about what they are to be are, in effect, casting away all chance of being anything. No fighting service could possibly accept people under conditions laid down by the applicant.

There have been cases in which the grouse that ability in aviation is not being used is justified. There ought to be a further effort on the part of the Royal Air Force to bring in all the men with ability and experience. But there is also the other side and those who wish to enter the Service must be ready to go in at the lowest rank and must trust to their own efforts to get quick promotion.

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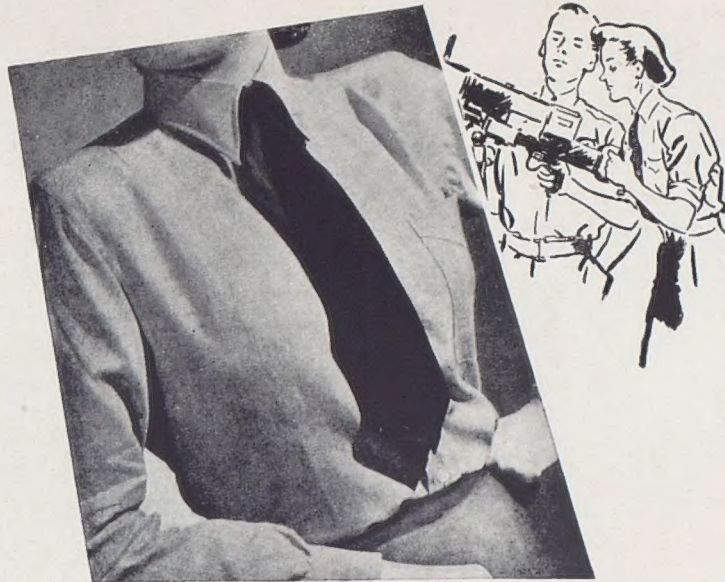
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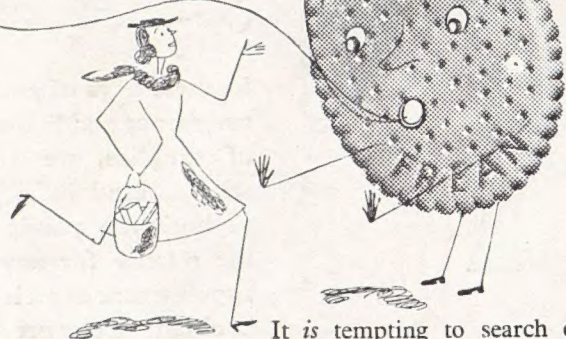
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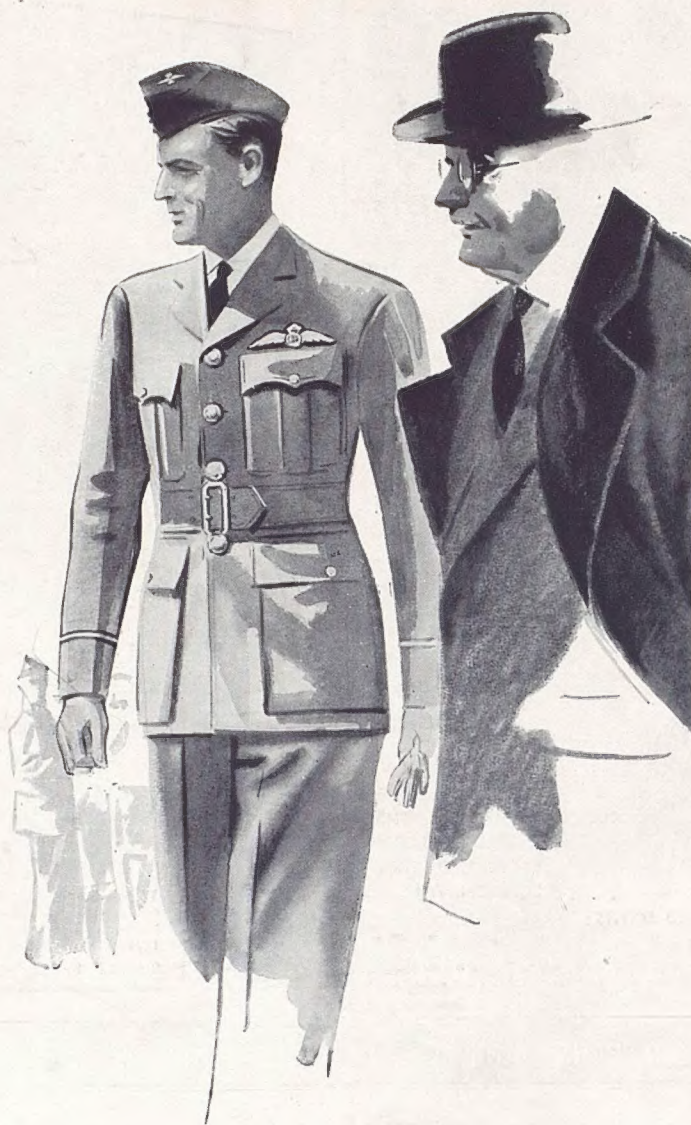
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